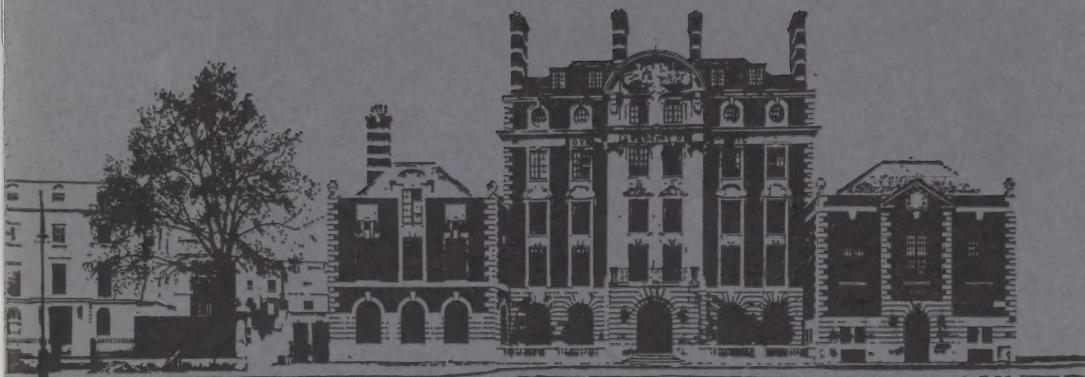


The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 207 Spring 1975



The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club and
Students' Union

Editor Robin Golding

No 207 Spring 1975

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In the last issue of the *Magazine* I commented on the apparent reluctance of readers to express either approval or disapproval of its contents and policy; and there is some reason for this challenge not to have provoked any very prompt response in view of the fact that although the Autumn issue came out during the last week of November, copies were not actually posted to Club members until mid-January, because the announcement of the programme of the Social Evening on 7 March was not ready for despatch until January and postage costs are so high that a separate posting was to be avoided if at all possible. Copies were, however, immediately available to professors and students, and this at least had the effect of instigating a provocative letter from Paul Steinitz, which is printed in this issue. Those who feel strongly about the teaching of harmony will no doubt rise to Dr Steinitz's bait, and the Students' Union, too, may have something to say. Personally, I welcome Dr Steinitz's healthy criticism, but I feel nevertheless that his remarks about the paucity of modern works in Academy concert programmes should not pass unchallenged. For one thing, the *Magazine* lists only major *orchestral* concerts, and not the very numerous chamber music concerts that are a regular feature of Academy life—and not, of course, the repertoire covered during orchestral rehearsals; so that a brief list of a term's concert programmes is not necessarily representative of the ground covered during that period. It so happens that as I write this the Duke's Hall is echoing to the sounds of Krzysztof Penderecki's *The Dream of Jacob* (composed as recently as last summer), being rehearsed by the Academy's Symphony Orchestra under the composer himself, in preparation for an all-Penderecki concert on 21 January. A full account of this memorable occasion will be given in the next issue.

Advantage was taken of Penderecki's visit to London to present him personally with the Hon RAM awarded to him last year; and on 18 November a similar presentation (though unfortunately without music) was made to another distinguished composer, Alexander Goehr, now Professor of Music at Leeds University. On 31 October the Academy was also honoured by a visit from the veteran Spanish composer Federico Mompou, who was entertained to lunch and by a short recital of his piano music, played by Alan Brown, and who replied in gracious and impeccable French to a speech of welcome by the Principal. One other event in the Autumn term should be chronicled: the Autumn Fair in aid of the Appeal, organised by Lady Lewis and held in the Duke's Hall on 30 October. At the opening ceremony various original RAM sanitary fittings were auctioned by Richard Baker, and the day's immediate 'takings' amounted to £1500. And one future event. Despite the abundant success of the Opera Class's production in the Duke's Hall in November of Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* and Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, the rebuilding programme places very heavy demands on the Duke's Hall, and it is almost impossible for it to be made available for the amount of rehearsal that an opera production demands: so for the Summer Term production the Academy has taken Sadler's Wells Theatre for the week beginning 5 May, and will present there Massenet's *Cendrillon*, conducted by Mark Elder.

I very much hope that it will be possible for the *Magazine* to appear three times a year from now on, towards the end of each term. Because of printing costs this will almost certainly only be possible if we change from letterpress to photo-setting and litho, and it may be necessary to make one of the three issues

each year (probably the Summer one) rather shorter than the others; but I feel sure that the slight loss in quality of production will be amply offset by the fact that the *Magazine* will appear more frequently and that the news it carries will not be unduly stale and out-of-date.

The Musical Opinions of Dr Crotch (Part 2)

William Alwyn



William Wallace in army uniform

The idea of Dr Crotch was suggested by Debussy's delightful book of musical essays and criticism: Monsieur Croche, Antidilettante. The character of my Dr Crotch is very freely based on Dr William Wallace, one of the most remarkable men I have ever met, and a guide and inspiration to me during my early manhood at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was acting librarian to occupy his agile brain in his old age.*

William Wallace was born at Greenock in 1860 and died in 1940. He graduated in medicine and specialised in ophthalmology, studying in Vienna and Paris. At the age of thirty he dropped medicine for music and joined the staff of the RAM, but returned to medicine during the First World War as senior ophthalmic surgeon to the British Army.

A friend of Liszt, he was the first Englishman to compose a symphonic poem (1892) and his Villon was in the world orchestral repertoire in the early years of this century. His versatility seemed to have no limits. He was an artist and sculptor and exhibited at the Royal Academy. He was an authority on Greek letters and French argot; founder and chairman of the François Villon Society; chairman of the Royal Philharmonic Society; and author of books on Wagner, The Threshold of Music and The Musical Faculty.

He was a chain-smoker to the last. When I went to see him on his death-bed he was paralysed and could barely move, and was utilising an eighteenth-century ivory 'back-scratcher' to draw his packet of cigarettes towards him. His mind was as alert and humorous as ever.

Doctor Crotch on Significant Form

'What are you composing at the moment?' asked Dr Crotch.

'Nothing', I replied rather shamefacedly.

'And quite right too! Composers write far too much these days. They give themselves no time to stop and think. All very well for Haydn, Mozart and the early composers. All they needed then was a figured bass and a good copyist. . . . By the way have you noticed the occasional shadow of the copyist in Mozart's scores as he follows out a sequence on the composer's instructions? Sometimes it doesn't quite work according to plan. . . . But, as I was saying, nowadays you all write too much. Haydn and Beethoven wrote far too much, slaving away to satisfy the inordinate demands of their patrons. Much of it is mere mechanical note-spinning and could well be thrown away. But they could get away with it then when music was written according to formulae and shovelled into convenient moulds to be baked in the ovens of tradition. Music today is far too complicated an art for a composer to want to rush into print, jostle for commissions and clamour for performance. 'Stop and think' should be his slogan.'

'But if Mozart had composed less how few masterpieces we should have had from a life so short', I protested.

'So much the better! The longer time goes on the less time we have to listen to the accumulated litter of the past. The trouble

*Debussy's *Monsieur Croche* was itself based on Paul Valéry's *Monsieur Teste*.

is that an excess of Mozart crowds the modern composer off the contemporary concert platform. Besides, his juvenile works could well be forgotten. Never keep your juvenilia, young man. It's of interest only to musicologists. It's like keeping your school reports—'Fair, but will do better'. Too much is kept. Too much is uncritically paraded before the long-suffering public. This places false values on art. And you find in the long run that anything goes. Look at painting, for instance. The senile doodlings of Picasso are snapped up at outrageous prices. Soon the modern composer will be following suit and expecting performances of his first rough notes. We are near enough to it now. Take that young German fellow-me-lad, Karlheinz Stockhausen...'

'You say the modern composer writes too much' I interjected hastily. 'Surely it depends on his technical skill how much he can produce? Take Bartók and Mahler...'

'I still say they wrote too much. Too much repetition. Bartók hammering away at rhythms, and Mahler—well, I don't deny that he wrote some fine music, but with his gifts it was easy enough so long as he kept on saying the same sort of thing. Mahler could be condensed to *Das Lied von der Erde* and the fourth Symphony and the world would be the richer and not embarrassed by riches. It's not the same with painting: given unlimited wall-space you can go on filling up the gaps. But music takes time. What right has Mahler to demand a whole concert period for a performance of one of his gargantuan symphonies? Pure selfishness I call it! Crowding his colleagues off the platform—typical conductor—exhibitionist! The Doctor indignantly tossed down the contents of his tankard, spluttered and coughed, then pottered over to the bar to replenish the vacant pewter.

'Forgive me, my dear fellow', he continued as he slumped back in his chair. 'All this smoking. Not good for you. Must give it up one day.... Now as I was saying, or, rather, what I really meant to say was, that your really great modern composers wrote comparatively little. They stopped and thought. Consequently their music developed and each work is a new experience. But the non-thinkers remain static. Brahms spent his life-time writing the same work.'

'Which modern composers do you mean?'

'Debussy, Puccini and Alban Berg, of course. Who else could I mean? All of them with a small output, but look at the way they developed, the way their music matured. There is a world of thinking between Debussy's *Arabesques* and his *Études*, and a lifetime of progress between Puccini's *Edgar* and *Turandot*. Need I labour the point with Berg, except to remark that if another opera had followed *Lulu* it would have been nearer to Puccini than to Schönberg. An interesting point this. Each of these three composers, composers so utterly unlike in style, each highly individual, each with that divine attribute of genius, an original mind, yet each had a marked influence on one or both of the others. Look at the scores of *Wozzek* and *Lulu*, listen to the violin Concerto—with your ears, not with your brain—and you will sense the indubitable presence of Debussy, his tricks of orchestration and his 'impressionism'. The detractors of Puccini were quick to seize on the alleged influence of Debussy in *La Fanciulla del West*, but conveniently forgot that Puccini was using the whole-tone scale long before he had heard a note of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. You can find examples in *Edgar* and *Manon Lescaut*. But unlike Berg, Puccini's orchestration owes nothing to Debussy. Although he was one of the most subtle and accom-

plished masters of orchestration of all time, Puccini, like all composers who stop to think, was acutely aware of contemporary experiment. Did he not make a special journey to Florence to hear *Pierrot Lunaire*? And who has dared to mention the influence of Puccini on Debussy? The touching poignancy of Mélisande's tragic end could hardly have been conceived had not Debussy wept at Mimi's death in *La Bohème*. To say nothing of those glorious upsurges of lyricism in Debussy's masterpiece, the very warmth and character of which are Italianate, Puccini-ish, though the scoring remains utterly and entirely Debussy. Critics tend to forget that young Claude won the *Prix de Rome*! And if he did not meet young Puccini while he was in Italy we know at least that he met and was on friendly terms with young Leoncavallo.

'But such likenesses, such influences are purely subconscious. And what composer can avoid absorbing extraneous influences, even if he wanted to avoid them, which is extremely unlikely? For who can be indifferent to the impact of great new music? Certainly not composers as hyper-sensitive as Berg, Puccini and Debussy.'

'Why do you single out these three composers?' I remonstrated.

'Because they are the great *musical* composers. And by musical I mean *musical*, as opposed to composer-architects such as Beethoven, composer-tub-thumpers such as Berlioz, composer-theorists such as Schönberg, composer-bores such as...'

I stopped him in full flood with a reminder of Bach.

'Oh, Bach! My dear fellow you can't mention Bach in the same breath as the others. Bach is the musical counterpart of Michelangelo. Had that mighty artist known of John Sebastian he would have enthroned him in glory on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Bach is a god, a god in his own right, a god for now and all time.'

'But why don't you include Beethoven among the great musical composers? Beethoven the first great romantic; Beethoven the revolutionary. Think of the fourth piano Concerto, the *Eroica* Symphony, the ninth Symphony, to say nothing of the last string quartets!'

'Beethoven', said the Doctor firmly, 'could not help being musical in spite of himself—at least, when he managed to struggle free from his self-imposed strait-jackets.'

'Strait-jackets? What do you mean?'

'Sonata form, rondo form, variation form and all the silly contraptions that educationalists and critics so much admire. The worn-out scaffolding of music.'

'But surely he extended the scope of sonata form by a new and more profound treatment of the development section and the coda? To say nothing of what he achieved with variation form—in the "Diabelli" Variations, for instance.'

'Variation form, my foot!', cried the Doctor. 'Variations are the last resort of the composer who doesn't know what to do next. At least, that's what Claude Achille Debussy told my brother Croche—and he felt so strongly on the subject that he wouldn't allow a performance of his charming *Fantaisie* for piano and orchestra during his lifetime because he had indulged in variations in the last movement. A youthful indiscretion he called it. You will find that any composer who wants to side-step the all-important problems of formal design, the very basis of music, either writes variations or *fugati*—the lazy way out. No, Beethoven, the so-called revolutionary, added little or nothing to the development of form in music. He was content to accept the pioneer

work of his master, Haydn.'

'But Mozart' (I know the good Doctor worships Mozart), 'was also dependent on sonata form and rondo, on ternary form and ...

'Mozart was a classical composer', interrupted Dr Crotch. 'Classicism needs classic moulds, whereas romanticism requires new shapes and new forms. You can't recapitulate an emotion. Recapitulation stales emotional impact. I wish performers would remember this before they embark on that pointless repeat of the exposition in the first movement of Chopin's B flat minor piano Sonata. I'm convinced poor Chopin never intended it; he was only bowing to convention. And', added the Doctor, a glint of satisfaction in his eyes at scoring a debating point, 'look at those triumphs of formal originality, his Ballades and Scherzos! But to return to what I was saying, and I say it again: repetition inhibits emotions. There's magic in a lover's first kiss, there is magic when his eager fingers first touch the snowy breasts of his goddess', he went on sentimentally, 'but the second kiss, the second caress can never quite recapture that first careless rapture. This Beethoven never understood, and it was sheer disaster for his disciples—think of poor old Brahms!'

'But you must have form', I objected. 'You must have repetition and development. Music is a progression through time. A composer needs formal shapes, sequence, canon, imitation, inversion, augmentation, and so on, to help him on his way.'

'Nonsense!', said Dr Crotch. 'Nonsense if you refer to those boring shibboleths as necessities. They are the crutches on which a composer hobbles through time. The genuine creators such as Debussy . . .', I coughed deprecatingly, ' . . . such as Debussy', he went on remorselessly, 'and Puccini, and Berg created their forms to suit their ideas. The genuine creative mind is always creating. It does not tolerate useless repetition. Ideas spring naturally and inevitably from previous ideas and the ultimate shape evolves through pure creative urgency.'

'But what about Alban Berg's own detailed formal analysis of *Wozzek*?'

'Oh, that', said the Doctor airily, 'that was simply added as a sop to his friend and arch-theorist, Schönberg. *Wozzek* is a great *romantic* opera. Berg himself dispensed with such trivialities when he composed *Lulu*—that shows how much such pedantry meant to him!'

'But surely you can't equate Puccini with Debussy. Puccini was an operatic composer.'

'And so was Mozart and so was Debussy', said Dr Crotch blandly. 'Formal design—and I don't seem to mean what you seem to mean by formal design—formal design plays just as much part in an act of an opera as it does in a movement of a symphony. But to get back to Beethoven. I said Beethoven was an architect-composer, but I should have said artisan-composer. His main preoccupation was building with bricks and cementing them together. The trouble was he used too few bricks. If you strip all repetitions, sequences, imitations and recapitulations from a Beethoven movement all you are left with is a bare hod-full of genuine original ingots. Take the opening of the fifth Symphony for example—but really, any other work would do. I'll sing it to you if you like.'

'No', I said hurriedly. I had suffered the Doctor's creaking tenor before.

'Very well, my good chap, I'll translate the music into words. Pay careful attention. You know the fifth Symphony of course?'

he said anxiously. I nodded. 'Good. With all your electronic high-jinks I never can think what you listen to these days. Now pay attention—pom, pom, pom, POM', he murmured reflectively. 'I'll replace the notes with rhythmic words, and will only add a new word, or words, when Beethoven introduces something new. Listen!' And in time to the rhythm of the music Dr Crotch chanted:

'Hear what I say . . .
Hear what I say . . .
Hear what I say, hear what I say, hear what I say . . .
Hear what I say, hear what I say, hear what I say . . .
Hear what I say today,
Hear what I say today,
Hear what I say-ay-ay . . .'

'Then off he goes again at a different pitch', said the Doctor breathlessly:

'Hear what I say . . .
Hear what I say . . .'

'But need I go on? You must admit that it's just a trifle monotonous. Pure Gertrude Stein! No genuine poet could get away with it. Then why should we have to suffer it in the name of music? Tell me that, young fellow!'

'But audiences love Beethoven', I protested.

'You mean that they pay lip-service to him. Beethoven has the same effect on the uncritical as the Beatles have on teenagers. Take a phrase, the shorter the better, and hammer it in unmercifully. It's as simple as that!'

I was unconvinced.

'Then why', I said, 'do the critics, the musicologists, the academy professors, the musicians and the musically-educated all place Beethoven on a pedestal as the great exponent of musical thinking and one of the greatest, if not the greatest composer of all time?'

'Why did you plough through George Eliot, Thackeray, Trollope and Thomas Hardy in your adolescence, and E M Forster, James Joyce and all fifteen volumes of Marcel Proust (at least you probably claimed that you did) in your twenties? Why? Because the pundits told you they were great literature!', cried the Doctor triumphantly, and he quaffed a great gulp from his tankard and winked at me knowingly. 'But you must admit', he went on, 'that you were bored. You probably have presentation editions on your bookshelves, but do you ever read them? No, of course not. And why? Because they are boring—boring and long-winded. Only the bore goes on too long and doesn't know when to stop. No literature should be boring. There is more real art in a single Tchekov short story than in the whole of Proust's interminable heart-searchings. No literature, no music, no art should be boring. Art is intolerant of bores. Have you never wriggled in your seat in excruciating boredom during the slow movement of the Choral Symphony and the slow movement of the "Hammerclavier" Sonata? "Hear what I say" he says, "Hear what I say", and, just in case you haven't heard, he says it again and again. If that is musical thinking give me Grieg!'

'Beethoven's inspiration came in fits and starts', said Dr Crotch. 'He was obsessed by the urge to make mountains out of mole hills. He was Prometheus suffering from a liver complaint, except that he identified himself with the eagle. It took Schumann, Chopin and Liszt to bring some original thinking to formal design, and Debussy to clinch matters. Did I tell you that Debussy,

Puccini and Berg were the great modern creative composers? If not . . .'

He was off again on his hobby horse. I slipped quietly away, out into the sordid, but consolingly tangible, sexual and gastronomical world of Soho.

All the way home the fateful rhythm of Beethoven's fifth Symphony drummed through my head, hammered out by the tube train and echoed by the bus which conveyed me to my suburban retreat. And I swear that, as I turned the key in my door, the parish church clock chimed sardonically in three groups of four: 'Hear what I say!'

Confound Dr Crotch! always wielding the wrong end of the stick like a bludgeon. Always so plausible. I had a restless night. (*To be continued*)

The production in June 1974 at Sadler's Wells of Alan Bush's opera was in several respects a triumph. Composed in 1952, but not hitherto publicly performed, the work is designed on a large scale, and is far from easy to mount: it was a triumph for Keynote Opera to produce with only modest assistance from public funds three successful performances involving the RPO and a number of distinguished singers. Great efforts had had to be made, particularly by the indefatigable Topsy Levan, to secure the help of private sponsors; and the curtain-rise on the first night represented a culmination of many months' planning and providing—an effort based on firm belief in the opera's merits, and strong enough to survive the inevitable set-backs during preparation.

It was a triumph for Stanford Robinson to direct with a minimum of rehearsal (but as much as could be paid for) performances that gave the impression, after an anxious start on the opening night, of security and assurance. A triumph also for

Tom Hawkes, most resourceful of producers, to create and foster among the *ad hoc* company in a short time a sense of unity and commitment; and to achieve with the means at his disposal presentations that were always effective and often distinguished. It was a triumph, in addition, for John Noble to dominate by fine singing and acting a cast that included several artists of strong character.

There were admittedly, and especially in the first performance, moments when even the most sympathetic listener was bound to feel that some re-casting, and some adjustments of timing, balance, and design, might have helped towards a more complete expression of the authors' ideas. If additional rehearsal time had been available some of these revisions would probably have been made: even so, as it was, the main points of the drama were effectively presented.

Nancy Bush's libretto, one of her earlier ones, concentrates upon essentials and the basic factors of a complex story. Political, social, and religious influences are indicated, without any great subtlety of analysis being attempted except in the case of the young Richard II, whose character is in some respects the most interesting element in the drama, as his music is the most individual. The instinct behind Nancy Bush's method may be a sound one: but it means that the psychological factors in the conflict must be more fully exposed in musical than in literary terms: and in this respect Alan Bush does not fail. The full range of his achievement, however, wasn't revealed until the Saturday night, when increased confidence gave intensity and urgency to the whole production. I couldn't help wishing that the critics had heard that evening's performance instead of the earlier one, for it left a sense of noble intention, distinguished music, well-judged alternations of tension and relaxation, and climaxes of great power.

It was being said that the music was dated, and I thought of the American soldier who complained in a London pub in 1917 that his beer was flat. 'What do you expect?' the barmaid asked him. 'It's been waiting three years.' And *Wat Tyler* has been waiting more than twenty years: it was bound to suffer from the delay: if the opera had been given immediate and effective performance its idiom would have sounded contemporary and its impact would have been great. Critical attitudes would have been different, and perhaps more spontaneous. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, writing about our neglect of the work, has used the word 'shameful', and it is not too strong; for the whole story reflects little credit upon those who have directed opera-policy during this period. It's not as if *Wat Tyler* lacked the support of people well qualified to discern its merits. The opera won an Arts Council award: among those who pressed its claims were men who could speak with authority. But there were always objections and excuses, sometimes put forward by people who should have known better, for reasons that were not acceptable. I mention this because there are other British operas suffering in the same way. In addition to Alan Bush's I could name at least half-a-dozen proved successes that are awaiting revival, and others that have not yet achieved the production that they deserve. It is to be feared that these works will now never be given a hearing.

One final point. These three performances of *Wat Tyler* cost in all about £25,000, including rent of the theatre and engagement of the RPO. At the same time it was being said in London that ten times that amount had been spent on a new production of a

**Alan Bush's
'Wat Tyler'**
Sir Thomas
Armstrong



A scene from Keynote
Opera Society's production
of *Wat Tyler*, showing
John Noble (kneeling) as
Wat Tyler and Richard
Angas as John Ball, with
the chorus of peasants

Photo by Andrew March

familiar opera at Covent Garden with the resident orchestra. Is there a moral somewhere?

Music and Philately

Harold R Clark



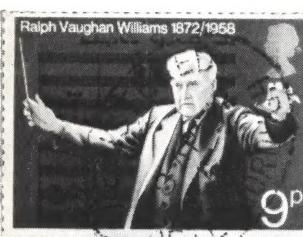
A few years ago, I would not have believed that philately could add much to a professional musician's knowledge of his subject, yet I have found that my own is enlarged whenever I can find a few spare moments to devote to my thematic collection.

My first attempts at classification were based on the elementary and obvious method of arranging the stamps according to the country by which they were issued. As the collection grew, a fascinating variety of possible topics for sub-division began to suggest themselves, and it became clear, even to a novice like myself, that a full-scale reorganisation would be necessary.

I began again, with a new album, providing sections with such titles as, 'The Baroque Era', 'The Symphonists', 'Opera', 'Lieder', 'Nineteenth-century Romantic Pianism' and 'The Organ' as a basis for development. Development there certainly was! I have since opened new sections devoted to Nationalism—as distinct from National Anthems—Conductors, Orchestras, Music Festivals, Concert Halls and Music Conservatoires, all of which are still growing. The Opera section overflowed its original page allocation long ago, and now occupies a separate album.

This is precisely the point where the musical philatelist is bedevilled by dilemmas in the process of classification, and by the necessity for making decisions between conflicting data when annotating his collection. For example, should Järnefelt (Finland, 1969) be included under Conductors, because he is depicted conducting, or under Composers, because he was certainly a minor composer of some repute? This is not really a difficult dilemma to resolve: since the stamp is not an expensive one, the answer may be found in buying two copies, and mounting one in each section. Should the stamp commemorating the centenary of the Berlin Academy of Music (West Berlin, 1969) appear under Music Conservatoires, or under The Violin, as it bears a portrait of Joachim? I have included my copy in the Violin section without the least hesitation, but have placed the Austrian commemoration of the 150th anniversary of Vienna's Academy of Music and Dramatic Art (1967) under Music Conservatoires, as the violin scroll which it bears has only significance as an element of the design. When a background of musical notation has been identified, such problems seldom arise. For instance, the West German issue commemorating Schumann's death centenary (1956) shows part of the F sharp minor piano Sonata, and should therefore appear in a section devoted to the piano, or to pianist-composers.

Now for some of the biographical discrepancies which come to light. According to Niels A Miller, author of the *Encyclopedia of Musical Philately*, the Belgian Mozart issue of 1956 shows the composer at the age of seven, whilst Blom's biography (Dent) states that the portrait which appears on the stamp shows the child prodigy at the age of six. The boy is wearing the gala dress given him by Maria Theresa when she heard him play at Schönbrunn in October 1762, but the Mozarts did not return to Salzburg until January 1763, and it is established that the portrait is the work of a Salzburg painter. Bearing in mind the fact that the composer's seventh birthday fell in January of that year, to give his age as six seems to cut things rather fine.



Obituary

Walter Emery
1909-74
Paul Steinitz

Again, Blom quotes the date of the first production of *Don Giovanni* in Prague as 29 November 1787, yet the last of the set of Mozart commemoratives (Czechoslovakia, 1956) bears the date 29.X.1787. Subsequent investigation suggests that 'November' was nothing more than a slip of Mr Blom's pen, since the month is correctly given in the summary of the life which appears as an appendix to his book, agreeing this time, of course, with the stamp.

The only remaining problem, from the point of view of an active teacher and performer, is that of finding sufficient time to keep pace with the constant stream of new issues, and, at the same time, to classify and mount newly-acquired issues of former years. A spare half-hour is certainly not enough, for the simple reason that thirty minutes can easily be consumed by preparations alone. Catalogues and check-lists must be consulted and biographical minutiae must be considered before a new stamp is allocated to its appropriate section.

It is not at all difficult to start a musical collection: there are many helpful dealers who will supply thematic stamps on approval, or arrange to send new issues as they appear. Searching for rarities is a later development of the collector's mania, and there is ample material to sustain the hobby for a lifetime. In my own short experience, contacts made through the Philatelic Music Circle, of which Yehudi Menuhin is a Patron, have been most fruitful. I exchange stamps regularly with a member in Peterborough, Ontario; a correspondent in Prague has supplied me with every stamp issued by Czechoslovakia which relates to music, and I have occasionally acquired rarer items from postal auctions.

If these few words of mine tempt any readers to take up musical philately, so much the better: there may soon be enough enthusiasts to compel our own postal authorities to give serious consideration to the commemoration of British composers. The single philatelic accolade bestowed on Vaughan Williams, when a stamp was issued in 1972 commemorating his birth centenary, encouraged the hope that others might follow, but Holst's centenary year has been, regrettably, passed over, whilst Purcell, Elgar and Britten remain as prophets without honour in their own kingdom.

(Revised form of an article originally published in *The Baton*, official journal of the Philatelic Music Circle, October 1972.)

Walter Emery, Bill Cole, and I were exact contemporaries at the RAM (1927-32), were all three organ students of Stanley Marchant's and all three within two or three months of the same age. From the very beginning I developed a healthy respect for Walter's clear, original and penetrating mind as well as for his competence as an organist, a respect that has increased over the years. I chiefly remember from these days his meticulous performances from memory of the major organ works of Bach and his non-acceptance even then of the ideas about registration for Bach which were currently taught. In time Walter's ideas on registration came to form the basis of my own thinking.

During his maturer years Walter shone in many directions, and I know I am one of many who feel he was never widely enough appreciated. He had absolute integrity as a musician, scholar and historian, and I believe it was his single-minded concentration on doing a job properly as opposed to being seen to be doing it



that perhaps kept him out of the most glaring spotlights of fame, although within certain musical circles he was regarded without question as the foremost Bach scholar in the country.

Soon after leaving the RAM he joined the publishing firm of Novello, where he remained until his retirement to Salisbury a few years ago. He first revealed his exceptional insight as a Bach scholar with the publication of *Bach's Ornamenta* (Novello) in 1953; this is still the most sensible and concise book on the subject. From that time his knowledge of Bach sources increased in depth and quantity and he wrote with much penetration on editions and performances, and was himself one of the editors of the *Neue Bach-Ausgabe* (Bärenreiter) as well as of several books of organ music with critical commentaries (Novello). Mention must also be made of his gifts as a writer—so conscientious, forthright and unequivocal in his opinions, and witty. His meticulous care in regard to preparation of books and music for publication will be appreciated by those who had his help in seeing their work through Novello's publishing house.

Concerning the influence which he has had on my own performances of Bach, I should like to quote a short piece I wrote for *The Times* shortly after his death.

'I owe an incalculable debt to my friend and co-student of Royal Academy of Music days, Walter Emery. Over a period lasting nearly a quarter of a century his profound knowledge has been behind everything I have tried to do in presenting Bach's music with the London Bach Society. Indeed it was Emery who first opened my eyes to the intricacy of the problems of arriving at a correct text and performing it stylishly when in 1952 we planned to give the St Matthew Passion in London in German for the first time. There was no dullness in his approach to Bach scholarship; a subtle humour infected all his conversations and most of his writings on technical matters, even on such a subject as Bach's ornaments. I shall never forget the occasion when I presented him with a specially intractable problem of appoggiaturas in a Bach cantata: he thought about it for a while and came up with the expected, sensible solution, but added: "Paul, the best way of dealing with this is to do another cantata".'

I could add several other incidents to that related above, but will content myself with one which occurred on almost the last occasion when I saw him—regrettably nearly two years before he passed away. My Bach Society gave a concert in Salisbury Cathedral which included Cantata 149; this contains a splendid duet for alto and tenor with bassoon obbligato—which is rather comic—besides many other jolly features. I was absolutely delighted that Walter actually felt able to sit through the concert, especially as we had an amateur orchestra and economics also forced me to do the duet chorally. Afterwards his comment, couched in characteristic language which those that knew him will not misunderstand, was 'That was a damned good cantata, Paul, and a bloody funny one too.'

Sir Benjamin Ormerod's death on the 21 September 1974, was a grievous loss to the RAM, its Governing Body and to his many friends. His legal career was most distinguished, and his great experience was always at the service of the RAM, for which he had a lasting affection. As a Vice-President and a member of the Committee of Management his wise and succinct advice so often directed the Committee to the heart of problems with which

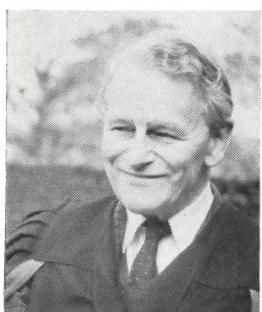


it was wrestling. But even a most distinguished lawyer, without a knowledge of the particular problems which affect musicians, might not have fully appreciated the difficulties of the musical world. Ben had that knowledge. He had a great natural talent and a deep and well-informed interest in music, and his love of it continued until the end of his life. In fact, in early life he had had to make a choice between entering the music profession or the Law; and it was perhaps only his family circumstances which led him to the legal world.

Notwithstanding his legal career he became a good amateur pianist, and as a timpanist was much in demand in earlier life for local musical work. This experience gave him a close knowledge of many areas of the orchestral and oratorio repertory, and an insight into the problems of conducting and the methods of conductors. It also led him to a keen interest in the Hallé Orchestra and a much-valued friendship with Sir John Barbirolli. He was also a close friend of Kathleen Ferrier, and it was his pride that he had rehearsed with her when she was studying new songs.

We shall miss Ben at our concerts and social gatherings to which he came regularly, even when his great age and physical disabilities made it a considerable effort for him to attend; we shall miss his presence and wisdom at Management Committee meetings, but above all we shall miss that delightful warm-hearted companion who inspired the affection and respect of all who were lucky enough to know him.

Reginald Paul 1894-1974 Michael Head



Reginald Paul and I were students together at the Academy in the early 1920s and we used to meet in Ernest Read's rather unpredictable but exciting Aural Training classes. Later (in 1927) we both joined the professorial staff. Reggie was always a gifted pianist, first as a scholar at Rossall, later studying with Matthay, then as a piano scholar with Percy Waller. He was always a happy person, quiet and gentle, with a charming friendliness, yet firm in his opinions. He was also very considerate in matters both large and small. His wife Hilda recalls how in later years he would faithfully meet her at the bus stop every time she returned from teaching in Bedford, something she sadly misses now.

Music meant so much to Reggie and he lived in an artistic world of his own. He built a considerable career as a pianist, with his work for the BBC, his Wigmore Hall recitals, tours in South Africa, Poland, Finland and Scandinavia and his several successful appearances at the Proms. At one of these, after playing the John Ireland Concerto he had eight recalls; Hilda relates how on this occasion she watched anxiously, her eye on the flimsy waistcoat he wore. At every bow he lost a button!

Reggie did not want to miss a moment of life. His hobbies were railways, walking, travelling and mountain climbing. He continued the latter sport almost to the last weeks of his life, in spite of heart trouble, which he ignored, determined to lead the active life he loved. (He also spent many happy years as organist of St. Ninian's Church, Golders Green, and at the Swiss Church, London.)

Reggie had a phenomenal memory for places, dates and history, and he never kept an address book. He could remember the addresses and telephone numbers of all his many friends. In spite of his keen memory, however, he was sometimes absent-

minded over the mundane things of life. He was certainly no good at shopping, and the story goes that when out with a friend he asked for a pound of eggs and a dozen packets of butter!

I became a friend of the family and Michael, my godson, now living in Hollywood, inherits his father's love of travel. Reggie became great friends with his children as they grew up, never the heavy father but understanding their point of view. Some of my happiest memories are of musical evenings given by Hilda and Reggie, at which I could be encouraged to try out some new songs and he would play new repertoire, often by Bax or Ireland. Reggie attended many musical gatherings and festivals, at which we often met, and I shall greatly miss his company and the friendly greetings which were so much a part of him.

27, 28 and 29 November 1974

Stravinsky: *Pulcinella*

Judith Jeffrey (mezzo-soprano)

Christopher Adams (tenor)

David Wilson-Johnson (bass-baritone)

Ravel: *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*

L'Enfant

Vaninne Parker

Maman

Nicola Lanzetter

Le Fauteuil

Nicholas Folwell

La Bergère

Beryl Korman

L'Horloge Comtoise

Derek Barnes

La Théière

Peter Crowe

La Tasse Chinoise

Luce Garreau

Le Feu

Glynis Marwood

Un Pâtre

Anne Mason

Une Pastourelle

Judy Dennison

La Princesse

Lorna Washington

Le Petit Vieillard

Nicholas Johnson

Le Chat

Timothy Harper

La Chatte

Susan Barber

Un Arbre

Mark Wildman

La Libellule

Jillian Mascall

Le Rossignol

Sara Mousley

La Chauve-Souris

Linda Rands

L'Écureuil

Rosalind Eaton/Jane Harman

La Rainette

Philip Watkins

*Chorus of furniture,
numbers, wallpaper,
trees and animals*

Elaine Williams, Maureen Redmond, Cheryl Edwards, Jill Thomas, Jane Wynn-Owen, Graham Preston, Richard Stuart, Caroline Bazalgette, Kathleen Summers, Lucie Marshall, Gillian Wilkey, Susan Willett, Teresa Kennedy, Clare Powell, Elizabeth Brice, Eleanor Ransom, Hazel Turze, Claudia Sweeny, Dominic Sweeny

John Streets

Simon Rattle

Anna Sweeny

Shuhei Iwamoto

Graham Walne, Kim Sargeant

Mary Nash

Director of Opera

Conductor

Producer

Designer

Lighting

*Assistant to the
Director*

Assistant Conductor

French Coach

Stage Management

Opera

Wardrobe

Susan Willett, Caroline Bazalgette,

Eleanor Ransom

Jonathan Strange



Photos by Shuhei Iwamoto

1



2

Letter to the Editor

Sir,

When the content of the annual harmony examination papers was changed about ten years ago from specially invented 'text-book' examinations to 'music', many of us had bright hopes that from that moment onwards we had automatically changed what would be taught. To some extent we have changed it, but how professors tackle the problems set by some of the papers, it is difficult to find out, because meetings of the whole Harmony and Counterpoint Faculty practically never take place.

For problems there certainly are, and the ideal of substituting scores for textbooks as teaching primers could involve having

half a library beside one in the teaching room as things are at the moment, because of the rather eccentric content of some of the lower grade papers.

In the 1974 Division I, for example, out of six questions two were extracts from Corelli, one from Lully, and the piece for compulsory analysis was by Byrd; the fifth question consisted of a faceless series of chords in C minor out of which various melodies were to be invented (or extracted?); there was no 'free' composition alternative (why not?—see (a) in the syllabus). A few years ago five out of six questions in a Division I paper were from seventeenth-century music. Yet it is well known that most students coming straight from school, having suffered the blinkered rigours of A Level music history (so-called) do not know much general music outside their set works, and hardly one in a thousand will be familiar with seventeenth-century idioms, which, prior to Corelli at least, are not predictably based on the V—I circle of fifths pattern. Lully is by no means easy, or accessible to students or busy professors, and the melody set in 1974, although it looks easy, calls for familiarity with the style to do it properly. Division IIb seems to be based on the eighteenth century, although this is easier.

The traditional question about naming the keys through which a piece is said to move still keeps cropping up, although many of the alleged changes of key would be regarded as non-modulations by many people. In fact experience shows that when one plays to students passages which, for example, cadence on the dominant through a supertonic chord with a sharpened third, and one asks them to sing the tonic, the original keynote is nearly always the answer. Unfortunately questions on the significance of such temporary shifts of emphasis in the piece as a whole only seldom appear, but that they do appear occasionally is certainly a cause for rejoicing.

Some of the new 'with it' RAM papers puzzle me too. In the September 1974 paper candidates were asked to ornament a Mozart or a Dowland tune. Mozart style is fairly familiar, though stylistic ornamentation of it might not be—and this was not an easy tune; but how many of us could ornament Dowland properly? To do it improperly as my student understandably did, makes nonsense of it. Also in the past a bar or two of dotted rhythm(s) have appeared under French composers' names and/or with the superscription *ouverture* as part of the question 'Write out as it should be played'. One presumes that double-dotting is the answer required. But the interpretation of French Overture rhythms is surely one of the most controversial matters. I think it was in the same paper that the compulsory 'History' question concentrated entirely on romantic composers; and in the question for orchestral players *both* the alternatives involved the baroque period—Bach. Neither of these biased history questions is particularly serious, but I think they are symptomatic of a general tendency—evident in A Level Music Information too—to expect a very wide knowledge which must inevitably be of a superficial nature. As far as A Level is concerned—and this is not irrelevant as we all deal with its products—a breadth of knowledge based on knowing a little about a very large number of pieces of music would be a good thing; but when, as in RAM exams unfortunately, a technique for imitating composers is called for, then the variety of styles with which the students are expected to be familiar must be limited and clearly stated.

Which brings me to the crux of the matter: all I am suggesting

is that there should be some deeper thinking about what should be expected of students at least in the first and second years, that the results of such thinking be clearly stated in the syllabuses, and that the content of examination papers should stay reasonably within the limits laid down. At the moment there is not one word about which style(s) to study in Divisions I, IIb, and II (except in section IIg) and the LRAM syllabus is hopefully vague with 'basic ornamentation of various styles and periods'.

Against my case is the powerful argument of the late Professor Thurston Dart, who was constantly saying that 'it only matters what you teach, not what you test'—which is marvellous if grading is by course assessment. Regrettably this civilised system of testing knowledge is slow in gaining ground with us. Certainly the last thing I want to suggest is narrowing fields of study, but rather that if examinations are to command respect and be realistic, more commonsense must be brought to bear on the devising of them.

In conclusion I wonder if anyone agrees with me that there is a certain complacency abroad in the RAM and that what I have written about is simply one manifestation of it. Is the attitude of professors (and consequently of students) to contemporary music another? As one who is in the RAM very infrequently at the moment and misses a great deal of what goes on, I feel I have no right even to make such a suggestion, and am very ready to be reassured that it is unjustified.

The latest number of the *RAM Magazine* confirms my feeling that we are getting complacent. Out of forty items performed at 'RAM Concerts (Spring and Summer terms)' listed on pages 22–24, only about eight even come into the twentieth century, and of these only three could possibly be said to break away from 'tradition' in style. And by the time this gets into print we shall be three-quarters of the way through the twentieth century!

The contribution by the Students' Union also makes depressing reading, as did the smug articles from the Students' Christian Union in the previous issue. I am as much in favour of the Union contribution to the *Magazine* as anyone, probably more so, but what can one make of the attitudes expressed by Oliver Williams on p 29 of the Autumn 1974 issue, some of which read more like a Victorian fairy story than anything else. One looks in vain for thoughtful constructive criticism of courses, examinations, music-making and all the other activities in which students should take a vigilant interest.

Yours etc,
Paul Steinitz

8 Sole Farm Road,
Great Bookham,
Leatherhead,
Surrey.

Reviews of New Books

Geoffrey Bush

Ian Spink: *English Song, Dowland to Purcell* (Batsford, £5.50)
All European nations with a great literary tradition have a comparable tradition of song: the English are exceptional only in that they prefer to forget theirs. In recent years much has been done to restore Dowland and Purcell (twin pillars of Ian Spink's new book) to their rightful place. Now, thanks to Mr Spink's edition of English song, 1620–60, in *Musica Britannica*, as well as this companion volume, there can be no possible excuse for not knowing (and performing) the work of the composers who came

between. I was specially delighted with Mr Spink's sympathetic treatment of Henry Lawes and Pelham Humfrey, two masters I have—though without Mr Spink's detailed knowledge—long admired. If I have a quarrel, it is with his treatment of Purcell's teacher, John Blow. I accept as just his criticism of Dr Blow's crudities (*not* the same as those listed by Dr Burney); but surely, such marvellous things as 'O Nigrocella' and 'Ah, Heav'n, what isn't I hear?', neither of which are mentioned by name but which are presumably included among the few exceptions to Mr Spink's general rule of failure, deserve positive appreciation. I also take a more enthusiastic view than Mr Spink of John Weldon's 'Take, O take those lips away'—this, incidentally, makes it easier to believe that Weldon was the author of most of the *Tempest* music previously attributed to Purcell. But these are minor matters of emphasis; there can be no question of the excellence of this book, which should be made compulsory reading for all students—and which will be read willingly by everyone who cares about English music.

Mr Spink's book contains 130 music examples and eight pages of illustrations; it has been worthily produced by Batsford, the publishers. There are three invaluable appendices: a bibliography of seventeenth-century song books, a list of the principal manuscript song books, 1600–60, and a select (but wide-ranging) general bibliography. In such a long and complex undertaking a few misprints were unavoidable; the footnote identifying Lanier's portrait belongs on page 52 and not page 48; in example 30 the second note of the accompaniment in bar five should be F not G; in example 123 the final crotchets of bar eight should be quavers; and are there not dots missing from the semibreves of bars three and eleven in example 40?

Notes about Members and Others



Jeremy Brown with Artur Rubinstein

William Alwyn has just finished recording for Lyrita his five symphonies with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. He thus joins the select band of English composers (Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Bax, Walton and Britten are the others) who have had all their symphonies recorded by a gramophone company.

Paul Steinitz and the London Bach Society will be touring Italy between 20 and 29 May, for performances of Bach's Mass in B minor and St Matthew Passion.

Jeremy Brown, who has been studying in Israel with Enrique Barenboim since 1969, took part in the First International Artur Rubinstein Piano Master Competition, held there in September. He was the only British semi-finalist, and won seventh prize.

Dame Eva Turner has been elected a Life Member of the RAM Club.

Leon Baily writes: 'The City of Newcastle-upon-Tyne College of Education where I was Head of Music ceased to exist on 1 September 1974, when we merged with Newcastle-upon-Tyne Polytechnic. We are one of the first colleges to carry through such a merger in the country. The ex-music department now forms part of a Faculty of Education and Humanities (about 1500 students and 150 staff) and is in the Department of Creative and Recreational Arts. Of the five full-time musicians in the Department three were at the RAM.' His *Shanty Sequence* for mixed choir was published in the Curwen edition just before last Christmas.

John Tavener's *Ultimos Ritos*, a large-scale work for soloists, chorus and orchestra, was given its first performance in St

Bavo's Church, Haarlem, on 22 June 1974, as part of the Holland Festival. Writing in *The Daily Telegraph*, Martin Cooper said: 'The theme is death; the death in the first place of Christ and then—since the texts are drawn from St John of the Cross—the mystic's sense of personal annihilation and identification with a larger-than-human reality. The work is planned on the sensational scale in order to give, as it were, theatrical as well as dramatic expression to the multilingual but mostly Spanish text. The high triforium of this magnificent Gothic church was used for the brass, which provides important cadenza-like interventions, and the group of male singers was stationed halfway down the nave, whilst the main body of performers was gathered beneath the central tower.' John Poole conducted the BBC Chorus and the Dutch Radio Chamber Orchestra and the soloists were Penelope Walmsley-Clark, Patricia Fowden-Price, Julian Pike and Roger Heath.

The twelfth series of Summer Recitals organised by Harold R Clark in Peterborough Cathedral last year included appearances by Harold Clark, Jillian Skerry, Jean Hornbuckle, Neil Carlson and Timothy Barratt.

Recent London recitals have been given by the following: Queen Elizabeth Hall—Martino Tirimo (10 November), John Bingham (12 December); Wigmore Hall—Bruce Boyce and Geoffrey Pratley (27 October), Sybil Barlow (28 October), the Lindsay Quartet (Peter Cropper, Ronald Birks, Roger Bigley, Bernard Gregor-Smith) (10 and 17 November, 1 and 8 December); Purcell Room—Felicity Lott and Graham Johnson (19 October), Ian Caddy and Jennifer Coulter (18 November).

Distinctions

CVO

Douglas Guest, MA (Oxon et Cantab), Mus B (Cantab), Hon RAM, FRCM, Hon FRCO

CBE

Reginal Goodall, Hon RAM; Imogen Holst, Hon RAM

MBE

Russell Burgess, ARAM

Births

Angas: to Richard and Rosanne Angas (née Creffield), a son, Dominic Fife, 12 October 1974

Matthews: to Denis and Brenda Matthews (née McDermott), a daughter, Celia, 9 December 1974

Maunsell-White: John Maunsell to Ruth White, 18 December 1973

Lt-Col W Loudon Greenlees, Hon FRAM, 10 January 1975
David Oistrakh, Hon RAM, 24 October 1974
Bertram Orsman, 26 August 1974

RAM Awards

GRSM Diploma, December 1974

Shirin Darabi, Krystyna Budzynska, Martin Jacklin, Magdeline Linclon, Margaret Ollard, Imogen Potger, Lorraine Lohnes

LRAM Diploma, December 1974/January 1975

Piano (Performer's) Stephen Salkeld

Piano (Teacher's) David Austin, Lucy Barker, Helen Creasey, Shirin Darabi, Margaret Hands, Susan Heath, Janice Ingram, David Manners, Vanessa Scott, Julia Wheaten, Timothy Wood
 Organ (Teacher's) Vincent Davy, Ivan Fowler, Ralph Cupper
 Singing (Teacher's) Ruth Jackson, Kathleen Summers, Philip Watkins
 Violin (Teacher's) Howard Walsh, Paul Willey
 Viola (Teacher's) Pamela Brewer
 Cello (Performer's) Angela Stevenson
 Cello (Teacher's) Corinne-Ann Frost
 Double Bass (Teacher's) Edwin Hooson
 Oboe (Teacher's) Susan Getty, Alan Gough, Gillian Hook
 Bassoon (Teacher's) Peter Becko
 Horn (Performer's) John James
 Horn (Teacher's) Janice Offord
 Trumpet (Performer's) Graham Wilson
 Trumpet (Teacher's) Norma Whitson
 Trombone (Teacher's) Gordon Watts
 Timpani and Percussion (Teacher's) David Jackson
 Choral Conducting Philip Meaden

RAM Club News

Guy Jonson

The Annual General Meeting of the RAM Club took place on 4 November 1974. It gave everyone present very great pleasure when the meeting accepted the Committee's nomination of David Martin as President for the coming year. The following members were elected to the Committee to fill the vacancies of those who had served their term: Ruth Harte, Constance Shacklock, Noel Cox, Alexander Kelly and Hugh Marchant. Sir Gilmour Jenkins, who took the Chair, was thanked by the incoming President for his great interest and assistance to the Club during his term of office.

Following upon the meeting Ralph Holmes and Geoffrey Pratley gave a stimulating and enjoyable recital of violin and piano music in the Duke's Hall. The programme opened with a finely authoritative performance of Bach's Partita in D minor for unaccompanied violin, after which Ralph Holmes was joined by Geoffrey Pratley in Schubert's *Rondeau brillant* followed by a musicianly performance of Beethoven's G major Sonata. The recital was enthusiastically received by an audience of some 150 members and their guests. David Martin expressed his appreciation and warmest thanks to the two artists on behalf of all those who were fortunate enough to be present.

In order to keep our records up to date and for possible future reunions, a questionnaire will be issued to all members when next notices are despatched seeking information as to periods of studentship, etc. Your kind co-operation will be greatly appreciated.

'Hello Fred, I'm David Martin.' A rosy-cheeked boy greeted me at a Music Festival nearly fifty years ago in Winnipeg, Canada. This was my introduction to the man who became my closest friend and colleague. In those days David had hair. That neat centre parting has, alas, gone, but not that fresh, breezy warm-hearted personality.

I came to England in 1928 and David in 1929—both as Associated Board Exhibitioners. Later I was best man at his wedding to Florence Hooton, godfather to his daughter Cayla, and he was



best man at my wedding and godfather to my son Paul. We broadcast together frequently throughout the years in various chamber music groups and duets, also played the Bach double Concerto at Proms and various Festivals (both on Strads on loan from the Academy). We played together on the same desk of the RAF Symphony Orchestra and became professors at the RAM on the same day—although I had previously been assistant to Herbert Withers in chamber music. The only real difference is that David is actually six days older than I am. At times people are a little confused about which of our pupils are taught by Martin or Grinke—although we do exchange pupils from time to time and consult one another about pupil's problems. You really have to be very good friends to be able to criticise pupils! Not long ago a distinguished professor from Finland told me how much she had enjoyed her visit to the RAM and in particular remembered the fact that two professors actually exchanged pupils.

Music-lovers throughout the country know him as leader of the Martin String Quartet (for many years one of our leading quartets), his String Trio and his Piano Trio—with Florence Hooton as cellist. A man of so many qualities—a first-class violinist as soloist, chamber music player, adjudicator at Festivals, master-classes in Canada, coach to the Canadian Youth Orchestra and many summer schools—all of these have culminated in the front-rank teacher that he is today. The dedication, understanding, enthusiasm and the search for knowledge have merged into a great teacher. Because of his own modest nature it would be easy to forget his real achievement in producing some of our leading players—as soloists, chamber music players, leaders of Symphony Orchestras and indeed several of our own professors at the Academy.

The Martin family have two lovely daughters, Cayla and Nina. Cayla is an interior designer, and she and her artist husband Graham Twemlow live in Dartmouth with their sweet little daughter Alice. Dorothy and I envy Florence and David their adorable grandchild and we look forward to the holidays when we can share some of their joy. Nina, like her father, was an Associated Board Scholar, and it was no surprise when she won the coveted Dove Prize and other Academy awards. She is married to a Martin pupil, Peter Cropper, whose Lindsay Quartet is one of the most successful of the younger generation.

Today the Martins have a rambling farmhouse just fifteen minutes' walk from my Suffolk cottage. Teaching weeks often take place there when local friends are invited to hear Florence and David's pupils in concert in the big studio. There you will meet local farmers, doctors and friends of all types and there you will see David Martin at his best—keeping a watchful eye on his beloved pupils and anxious that they should do their best in front of his friends. During the course two local friends produce wonderful food for the pupils and perhaps even a saucepan of borscht may turn up from that other teacher down the road.

Alterations and additions to List of Members

Town Members

Axworthy, Christopher, 2 Flanders Mansions, London W4
 Bedford, Steuart, 56 Rochester Road, London NW1
 Bochmann, Michael, 13 Davis Road, London W3
 Brady, Pamela M, 35 Trinity Rise, London SW2
 Davis, Andrew, Bredon, Coast Hill, Westcott, Nr Dorking, Surrey

Elmitt, Mavis, 119 Greenfield Avenue, Carpenders Park, Hertfordshire
Fell, Toni V, 46 Oakleigh Avenue, London N20
Harries, Kathryn, 53 Surbiton Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey
Head, Mrs M (née Thornley), 66 Beverley Close, Rainham, Gillingham, Kent
Hulbert, Esther, 49a Lytton Grove, London SW15
James, Ann, 7 Rectory Road, Southall, Middlesex
Jeney, Zoltán, Molet House, Lavenham, Sudbury, Suffolk
Knight, John Lewis, c/o Library, RAM
Maxwell, Michael, 40 St Mary's Grove, London W4
Mills, Betty, 24 Brookfield, Highgate West Hill, London N6
Smith, Wendy, 21a Buckland Crescent, London NW3
Tracey, Sheila, 3 Warren Cottages, Woodland Way, Kingswood, Surrey
Woolliscroft, Adrian, 30 Connaught Square, London W2

Country Members

Chambers, Mrs F, 21 Wordsworth Avenue, Bournemouth, Dorset
Desmond, G, 37 St Ladoes Road, Keynsham, Bristol
Eves, Duncan, High Street, Urchfont, Devizes, Wiltshire
Fletcher, J M, County Hall, 182 Galgorm Road, Ballymena, Antrim, N Ireland
Gould, P, 5c South Parade, Wakefield, W Yorkshire
Griffiths, Frederic J, Filia Regis, Station Road, Parkgate, Wirral, Merseyside
Haime, David, 17 Auchinloch Road, Lenzie, Glasgow
Kempe, Humphrey, Ferndale, Stein, Southbourne, Emsworth, Hampshire
Oliver, Mrs Kathleen (née Cowley), 2 Cowpers Court, Eaton-Ford, Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire
Ridgeway, Lewis, 88 Imperial Avenue, Maylandsea, Chelmsford, Essex
Royle, Mrs Alfred, 119 Shelley Road, Exmouth, Devon
Smith, Dorothy, 10 Derby Road, Poulton le Fylde, Lancashire
Trevor, Mrs G M, The Vicarage, Kirkby Malham, Skipton, N Yorkshire

Overseas Members

Bennett, Christina, Leliegracht 4 (111), Centrum, Amsterdam, Holland
Magid, Mrs H L (née Rose Alper), 71 Cadogan Gardens, 298 Musgrave Road, Durban 4001

Student Members

Clampin, Ailsa, Treasure Hill House, Penwood, Burghclere, Nr Reading, Berkshire
Sands, Moira H, 26 Beacon Hill, London N7
Southey, Fiona, 64 Barkston Gardens, London SW5

RAM Concerts

(Autumn Term)

Symphony Orchestra

2 December
Vaughan Williams Overture 'The Wasps'
Walton Cello Concerto
Holst Suite 'The Planets', Op 32
Conductor Maurice Handford
Soloist Graham Bradshaw (cello)
Leader Paul Willey

Choral Concert

12 December
Bruckner Mass in E minor
Holst The Hymn of Jesus, Op 37
Conductor Meredith Davies
Leader Paul Willey

Chamber Orchestra

10 December
Weber Overture 'Abu Hassan'
Mozart Sinfonia Concertante in E flat, K 364
Milhaud Sérénade
Hindemith Sinfonietta in E
Kodály Dances of Galánta
Conductor Norman Del Mar
Soloists Roger Coull (violin), Charles Pollard (viola)
Leader Jonathan Strange

Repertoire Orchestra

6 December
Weber Overture 'Der Freischütz'
Bruch Violin Concerto No 1 in G minor, Op 26
Paul Patterson Fusions for electronic sounds and orchestra
Brahms Symphony No 2 in D, Op 73 (II)
Shostakovich Festival Overture, Op 96
Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the Advanced Conductors' Class: Michael Goss, Philip Lee, Igor Kennaway, Antoine Mitchell
Soloist Patricia Calnan (violin)
Leader Carol Norman

Training Orchestra

11 December
Gluck Overture 'Iphigénie en Aulide'
Popper Requiem for three cellos (in memory of Douglas Cameron, 1902–74)
Beethoven Symphony No 1 in C, Op 21 (I)
Faure 'Pelléas et Mélisande'—Suite, Op 80
Tchaikovsky Symphony No 4 in F minor, Op 36 (II)
Schubert Symphony No 4 in C minor, D 417 ('Tragic') (IV)
Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the First-year Conductors' Class: Clive Watkiss, Hywel Davies, Timothy Harper, Tony Moore
Soloists Martin Thomas, Bettina Lawrence, Julia Tagg (cellos)
Leader Ceinwen Penny

In addition to regular Tuesday and Wednesday lunch-time concerts, an Exchange Concert was given by students from the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik, Frankfurt-am-Main, on 28 November.

Review Week

Review Week in the Autumn Term (2–6 December) included concerts by the Symphony Orchestra (Maurice Handford) and the Repertoire Orchestra (Maurice Miles), a performance of three of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos directed by Gareth Morris, and of Bach's *Die Kunst der Fuge* by the Tilford Festival Ensemble directed by Trevor Williams. There were lectures entitled 'Visual Concert' (Sir George Pollock) and 'Three-dimensional Art and

its Relationship to Music' (Judith Lear); a New Music Concert; two showings of the film *Tales of Beatrix Potter* (with music by John Lanchbery); and a highly successful Christmas Ball organised by the Students' Union.

New Students Spring Term, 1975

Gillian Bold, Frank Lloyd.

The Students' Union

Editorial Oliver Williams

One cannot deny that last term the Students' Union was fraught with difficulties of all kinds. Hardly a week went by without some 'constitutional crisis' or resignation. Despite these teething troubles, however, much good was done by the SU Committee. Aided by a bright new office and a common-room provided especially for students, the committee achieved more this term than it has done in any other. For the first time in the Academy's history, a students' bar was kept going throughout the term. Three films were shown. More meetings were held and more was done for the students' entertainment than ever before. The triumph of the term from this point of view was the Christmas Ball, a most sumptuous and splendid occasion which over two hundred people attended. Hats off to Sue Willett! Another achievement was the founding of a new student magazine, 'Rampages'. We hope that this term and the following term will be a relatively calm and trouble-free period in which the SU Committee can work at its best and most efficient—a period in which it can achieve all it set out to. We invite students to support us, to criticise us, even abuse us if necessary, but above all to take an active interest in what we do.

Darius Milhaud, the much- maligned Master Michael J Easton

On 22 June 1974 Darius Milhaud died in Geneva at the age of eighty-one. On the BBC programme 'The Arts World-Wide' they had the courtesy to mention that he wrote 'Scaramouche and many other pieces'. I feel that this is something of an understatement, as by the 1950s the opus numbers of his compositions were well into the 300s. It seemed odd to me that a week of the BBC's time could be devoted to Schönberg (including a number of performances of *Verklärte Nacht*) but that there was not one extended programme dealing with the highly eventful life of Milhaud. There was one programme (last Easter) dealing scantily with the music of 'Les Six' under the heading 'Le bœuf sur le toit', but that is about all.

Milhaud was born in 1892, the son of a wealthy Jewish businessman and a member of a family almost as old as his native Aix-en-Provence. In his autobiography *Notes without Music* he describes various members of this highly thought of and extremely rich family. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, though he had none of the technical fluency of the smug Claude Debussy. He should serve as an example to the music students of today, as he went to nearly all the concerts in Paris as well as forming a string quartet and leading a generally musical life. In his student days he was a prolific writer, although the quality of some of these early works is rather dubious. The most rewarding compositions of this period are perhaps the *Poèmes de Francis Jammes* of 1910–12. His friends at the Conservatoire included Jacques Ibert (a faded genius in Britain), Arthur Honegger and Henri Cliquet (who appears to have had a Baxian ability at sight-

Dufy's frontispiece for the score of *Le bœuf sur le toit*



reading). During his stay in Paris Milhaud became friendly with Paul Claudel, and in 1917 he accompanied Claudel to Rio de Janeiro as secretary when the latter was appointed French Minister to Brazil; it was there that he wrote *Le retour de l'enfant prodigue*, one of his first convincing exercises in polytonality.

In the early 1920s a French music critic arbitrarily chose the names of six contemporary French composers and called them 'Les Six'; Milhaud was one of them. Following this, despite widely differing aesthetic ideals, they gave a series of concerts devoted to their works. Jean Cocteau was their artistic director and Erik Satie their inspiration. The ballet *Le bœuf sur le toit* (1919) dates from this period, although the music is mainly a pot-pourri of Brazilian folk songs (the title itself is the name of a popular Brazilian song). The rest of Milhaud's life appears to have consisted of many European concert tours contrasted with periods of ill-health. He lectured in America as well as conducting several top American orchestras.

His music has been ignored by British musicians for many years. One explanation could be that his sheer output was so vast and fluent that the quality was not always high. David Drew, in a book on contemporary music, severely attacks Milhaud, which I consider to be unjust. There is no point in taking a handful of his music and saying 'well, it's really rather effete'; Milhaud's

music is not all in the *Bœuf sur le toit* mould—in fact those works that are form only a small part of his output. I think it fair to say, however, that his best works in a serious vein are the concise ones. He was a pioneer in the art of polytonality, and the music of Honegger, which now enjoys a higher esteem than Milhaud's, owes a great deal to Milhaud. A work in this genre which does repay study is the viola Concerto of 1929, which was written for Paul Hindemith: an extremely concise piece, full of rhythmic diversions and with a Frenchified modern slow movement. This rarely-played concerto for an underworked instrument well deserves revival, and it would provide a refreshing change from the Walton Concerto and is certainly more compelling than Hindemith's own arid viola Concerto. The little cantata *Le château de feu* (1954) is another concise polytonal work: ideal for a small choir, it is highly dramatic and highly original in a rather grand way.

Milhaud's other style was anticipatory of the neo-classic era. A typical example is the *Suite provençale* (1936), which is based on eighteenth-century Provençal pieces. Musically it lies somewhere between Grieg's *Holberg Suite* and Stravinsky's *Pulcinella*, and although extremely well written it has a certain pompous air which has kept it rather in the background of Milhaud's output. When we come to Milhaud's pieces in lighter vein we also find a whole catalogue of maligned works. Although some were intended as salon pieces, many are examples of 'dadaistic' art: they were written in order to show that 'nothing' can really be 'something'. There are also works aimed at declaiming the less productive sides of French life, and others of an illustrative style, taking old ideas and working them into a new form of 'programme music'.

Of the salon pieces there are the excellent *Scaramouche* (1939) for two pianos, and *Saudades do Brasil* (1920–21) and the three *Rag Caprices* (1922) for piano solo. It amazes me that piano teachers have ignored the *Saudades do Brasil* and yet have bothered to teach the suites of dances by Albéniz, which are in the same vein but tend to be limited in their technical demands.

One of Milhaud's dadaistic and surrealist works is *Le bœuf sur le toit*, which accompanied a ballet by Cocteau that was set in an American bar during the time of the Prohibition. The music



*Milhaud's autograph, with four bars of Corcovado, the seventh of the twelve pieces forming *Saudades do Brasil**

is deliberately designed to appear too long, and the dancers wear false heads, twice life-size, and dance in slow motion. This should dispose of the familiar criticism that the piece is long-winded. (It was interesting to hear a performance in London last year which, although lively enough, somehow missed the music's irony and lacked panache; it was not very well played, either.) Another composition of this type is the *Carnaval d'Aix* (1926) for piano and orchestra. Milhaud admits that the piano part (designed for himself) was contrived to sound virtuosic but is in fact quite straightforward. The characters portrayed in it come from his ballet *Salade* (1924). The work which really caused a stir is *Le train bleu* (1924)—which most people now describe as 'vieux jeu'. In fact this is just what the composer wanted. The piece was commissioned by Diaghilev and depicts the rich living their rather fin-de-siècle lives in exotic French resorts; hence the rather trite Chabrier-esque tunes and tonic-dominant harmonies.

Machines agricoles (1919) is another misunderstood work which attempts to describe machinery in a novel way. The text is that of a catalogue of farm implements, and the result is surely a good deal more original than Honegger's somewhat ordinary *Pacific 231*.

The last work I should like to mention is the 'Octet'. This brilliant intellectual exercise has been referred to as a little joke, but Milhaud intended it as a serious example of the classical nature of polytonality. The work consists of two string quartets (Nos. 14 and 15, dating from 1948 and 1949, respectively), which are perfectly valid works in their own right when played separately, but which can also be played simultaneously, as an octet.

The misunderstanding of Milhaud's output has for years made him out as a background figure, and it is high time that he was given the recognition he deserves. To anyone wishing to know more about him I recommend his book *Notes without Music*, followed by open-minded hearing of as much of his music as possible.

RAM Magazine

The RAM Magazine will, it is hoped, be published three times a year (in March, July and December) and is sent free to all members on the roll of the RAM Club and of the Students' Union. Copies may also be bought by non-members, price 50p per issue. Members are invited to send to the Editor news of their activities that may be of interest to readers, and the Editor is always glad to hear from members (and others) who would like to contribute longer articles, either on musical or on other topics. Copy for the Spring issue should arrive by 1 January, for the Summer issue by 1 April, and for the Winter issue by 1 September and, wherever possible, should be typed (double-spaced, one side of the page only), please. All correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, RAM Magazine, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HT.

